

5 Times They Are and 1 Time They Aren't by miawweasley

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Summary: 5 times El and Mike are caught in a compromising position and 1 time they aren't.

5 Times They Are and 1 Time They Aren't

1.

El moaned as Mike picked up his pace between her legs, slamming into her as he angled his hips, burying himself deeper inside her.

"Mike." His name was no more than a breath that escaped her lips. She bit her lip and he leaned down to nip at her shoulder, slowly making his way up to her neck. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him in even deeper as he groaned against her collarbone. She pressed her lips together to keep from screaming out loud.

Hopper walked through the door. He got off early so him, Joyce, and Will went out to grab dinner. He knew El was with Mike, and he didn't want to bother them since he was helping her with homework.

"I'll go see if they want something to eat," he said, and Joyce nodded, distracted since she was putting away groceries.

Too lost in their intimacy, Mike and El didn't notice the footsteps making their way up the stairs until the door swung open.

"Hey did you guys- AH!" Hopper shouted, covering his eyes immediately.

"Shit!" Mike said as they both scrambled under the covers.

"What are you doing?" Hopper yelled, uncovering his eyes once they were both covered up.

"Why aren't you at work?" El countered, completely mortified at the fact that her *dad*, of all people had caught them. And boy did he look angry.

"I got off early! I just wanted to know if you guys ate dinner yet," he said. "You know what, we'll talk about this downstairs with Joyce. Get dressed."

He slammed the door shut behind him angrily, leaving two very

embarrassed 16-year-olds in his wake.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," El muttered as she grabbed her clothes and fastly began to dress herself, Mike doing the same. "Why didn't you lock the door?" she hissed.

"That's what you're worried about?" he responded, eyes widening as he looked her. At her confused eyes, he elaborated.

"He carries a gun!"

2.

El was on all fours as Mike pounded her from behind. She moaned each time he connected with her, enjoying the way his hand had clasped her hair and yanked it back. The headboard had begun to hit the wall, making quiet noises as he repeatedly slammed his hips against her. His lips found her neck and he nibbled for a bit before bringing his head back. His hands were grasping on to her hips so tight he thought his fingers might break.

Mike slowed his pace, wanting to last longer. El began to meet his thrusts, moving backwards everytime he moved forward. She had quieted down, her moans turning into occasional whimpers as her senses were too overloaded to form louder noises.

"Mike," she whispered, dropping her head to the pillow. He grunted at the sight of his beautiful girlfriend nearly collapsing in pleasure. The slapping of their hips together was just about the only noise in the room, mixed in with their panting.

Lucas and Dustin had raced to Mike's house, ready to ride over to Max's.

"Ah, shit," Lucas said as Dustin stated what comic book he wanted.

Trudging in through the basement door, they made their way up the stairs. Swinging open Mike's door, they gasped before letting out identical girlish screams.

Mike's eyes widened at the sound before he turned around, falling down next to his girlfriend as they both pulled the covers over their

bodies.

"Don't you knock?!" El said, blushing as she saw Lucas and Dustin standing in their doorway.

"Don't you lock the door?" Lucas bit back, eyes widened as he looked back and forth between them. At that, El slapped Mike on the arm, glaring at him.

"Oh my God, we just caught our best friends having sex!" Dustin said, gagging.

"Turn around!" El said, and when they did she slipped a robe on.

Walking up to them, she stuck out a hand to them. "How about we never talk about this again. *This* did not happen. Deal?" she offered.

"Deal," Lucas said disgustedly, shaking her hand firmly before they both turned to Dustin.

"D-deal, but I'm most definitely not touching your hand right now," he said.

"Aw man, why did I touch it?!"

She shut the door on their faces.

3.

El rocked her hips back and forth, placing her sweaty hands on her boyfriend's chest to stop herself from falling over from the pleasure she was feeling.

Every time she brought her hips down he thrust his up, reaching places inside her she didn't think existed. At some point they had both sped up, a loud slapping noise joining in with their moans. El began rubbing against him between every few thrusts, and from the face he was making, she could tell that he seemed to enjoy it.

"Mike!" she moaned out in ecstasy, squeezing her eyes shut as her walls started fluttering against him as he made one particularly hard thrust.

Max and Lucas had practically ran over to Mike's house, incredibly excited to tell them that an arcade was opening in the mall.

Max tried the front door and grinned when they discovered it was unlocked.

"Basement or Mike's room?" Max muttered to herself.

"Probably Mike's room," Lucas said, shrugging. Max nodded as they made their way up the stairs.

Mike and El, obviously, didn't hear any of this, and since the universe was so against them having peaceful sex, the door swung open to reveal an excited Max and Lucas, whose faces dropped as soon as they saw what was happening.

El screamed and she fell next to Mike, covering her face in her hands.

Her best friend, really? she thought.

"Holy shit!" Max said, shocked at not only the fact that El was having sex, but shocked at the fact that she was on *top*.

"Not again," Lucas said, shaking his head. "Do you guys just like being caught, or...?"

"Lucas, I swear to God," Mike said as he ran a hand through his hair.

"Hold up, this isn't your first time catching them? Sweet little innocent El has had sex more than once?" Max asked, eyebrows shooting up.

"What happened to not telling anyone? And shut up Max!" El said, glaring at both of them. Lucas opened and closed his mouth a few times before shaking his head, throwing his arms up before walking out.

"I'll let you finish," Max said, clearly amused, throwing a wink at them before shutting the door behind her.

Mike groaned in reply as El fell back against the pillow.

"We can't catch a break, can we?"

4.

Mike slipped into her, both of them moaning at the feeling, like it was their first time doing this (which, clearly, it was not). El arched her back as he slowly began the move inside of her. He slid all the way out of her before sliding back in, filling up to the hilt before slipping back out again. He did this a few times before picking up his pace.

Feeling confident in himself as he watched El's face scrunch up, her hand leaving scratches down his back, he took her ankles and pulled her legs up to his shoulders. She yelped in pleasure as he began to pound into her, bending her in half. She moaned with each thrust, not understanding how it was possible for him to be *this deep*. Her mouth formed an 'o' shape as he switched up his pace, not letting her get used to a rhythm, and he got even more turned on watching her writhe beneath him, gathering the sheets up in her fists.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Steve had been waiting outside their house for a while to pick them up. He decided to enter the house, since they probably forgot he was picking them up.

As soon as he entered the house, he heard a muffled giggle upstairs. Assuming they were watching TV, he made his way up to El's room, opening the door without knocking.

"Hey shitheads- oh my God, okay then!"

Once again, they scrambled under the covers before looking up to see who had caught them.

"*Steve?!'*" they said at the same time, eyes widened at being caught by their 'babysitter'.

"Holy shit, you guys are like 12! What are doing?!" he yelled frantically, gesturing his hands at the two of them.

"First of all, we're 16. And second of all, can you really not tell what we were doing?" El bit back. Mike covered his face in his hands.

"Okay, 16, whatever. Even *I* wasn't that young!" Steve said. "Wow. My *kids*, out of everyone, lost their virginity before me." Then he gagged, getting mental images. He shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Were you at least being safe?" he asked, hands on his hips as he stared at them expectantly.

"No, we're being completely unsafe," Mike said sarcastically. Steve didn't pick up on that.

"Are you kidding me, guys? Come. On!" Steve said, starting to get a little more angry.

"We're kidding," El said. "Now, can you do us a favor?"

"What?"

"Get the hell out!"

5.

Things had really started to get heated.

They had been shooting each other glances the whole time they were at dinner, biting their lips before turning away and paying attention to their food before they ripped their clothes off and fucked right on top of the restaurant table.

Once they had stumbled in to Mike's house, they ran for Mike's room, incredibly happy that Nancy was out with Jonathan and that his parents were out with Holly (who was upset she couldn't go with either of her siblings).

Their mouths connected as they shut the door, peeling their clothes off before they even reached the bed (their clothes were thrown everywhere, and El wouldn't remember the bra that landed in his closet for a couple weeks.)

El fell backwards on to Mike's bed, grabbing he boyfriend by his tie as she pulled him down on top of her. He watched, pupils blown with lust, as his girlfriend slowly dragged her panties down her legs. He

knew she was teasing her and man did she look hot when she did it.

She spread her legs open with a smirk as her boyfriend licked his lips. He wasted no time plunging into her, moaning out as he did.

He picked up his pace relatively quick, El's moans coming out as short and choppy yelps.

Downstairs, the front door opened. Jonathan had dropped Nancy off before driving home, leaving Nancy alone with her brother. Walking up the steps, Nancy opened Mike's door to ask if he wanted to watch a movie.

"Do you want- Jesus Christ, Mike!" Nancy shouted, cutting herself off as she stood in shock at the sight of her brother and El... going at it.

"Nancy!" Mike said, embarrassed, as he pushed El under the covers, settling in next to her. El hugged the sheets closer around her chest.

"Aren't you supposed to be with Jonathan?" El asked sheepishly. Everyone else she could deal with, but Nancy was the last person she wanted catching her like this. I mean, having your boyfriend's family member catch you getting fucked by him isn't exactly something she found appealing.

"God, that's disgusting, Mike. Don't you lock the door or something? I mean, guys, you just have to turn it. It's not rocket science. It prevents things like *this* from happening-"

"Okay, we get it Nance, thanks," Mike said, cutting her off as him and El began to blush. Nancy huffed and pinched the bridge of her nose (El couldn't help but think about how similar her and Steve were) before shaking her head.

"What if this was Mom or Dad?" Nancy finally asked.

"Hopper already caught us, I don't think we'd want another parent," El said before blushing at her own words, realizing they sounded like crazy sex addicts (which, to be far, weren't they?).

"God," Nancy said before gagging. "Just- goodnight."

Once Nancy had closed the door behind her and retreated to her own room, muttering to herself along the way, El fell back against Mike's navy blue pillow, running her hands through her hair.

"How long before this starts to get really embarrassing?" Mike asked, grimacing as he replayed his sister's reaction over and over again.

"Starts?"

1.

Mike and El stumbled into El's house, kissing passionately as they did so, knowing no one was home. They ran up the stairs, almost tripping, and scrambled to get to El's room. Finally reaching her room, they ran inside and Mike pushed El against her bedroom door, reaching down to lock the door.

He placed his hands flat against the door on each side of her face, pressing his hips against hers as she slowly began to grind against him.

They pulled away from each other, and Mike took a moment to admire her. Her mussed up hair where his hands previously were. Her honey brown eyes that were now almost completely black with lust. Her plump lips that were red and swollen and looked oh-so-kissable. He leaned in for a kiss, not breaking the contact this time as he tore his shirt off.

He pushed her harder against the wooden door as she began working at his pants. She tugged them down along with his boxers. She slid down the door and slowly began to stroke his length.

"Fuck, El," he said as she stroked him. "Oh FUCK!" She had begun to take him in her mouth, bobbing her head up and down as she stuck her tongue out to run it along him.

He hissed in pleasure as her sucking got faster and harder. He tugged her hair, guiding her along him as he pressed one hand along the wooden door.

Realizing he was about to come, He pulled out of her mouth with a loud pop, bringing her back up to his level, panting heavily.

"I was about to come," he said, and she nodded her head, understanding what he meant. He wanted to come in *her*, not her mouth.

They pressed their lips together, tongues connecting hungrily. Mike lifted her up against the door and she gasped as he did so, feeling his fingers along her thighs, getting dangerously close to her center as she was pushed against the door.

"I think I have to reward you for earlier," he whispered, nibbling at her ear as she shivered.

"How so?" she asked, engaging in the situation. He smirked before slipping a finger down inside her panties. He sucked in a breath.

"You're soaked, baby," he growled, beginning to slip a finger inside of her. She squeezed her eyes shut as he slowly pumped his index finger but her eyes popped right back open as he added a second finger.

"Do you like that, baby?" he asked, pumping his fingers inside her faster with each word he spoke. She nodded her head, not trusting her words right now. He began going faster.

"Answer me."

"Y-yes." El squeezed her eyes shut once more. "I- I want you."

"You've got to be more specific. What do you want?"

"You."

"And what do you want me to do?" El hissed in pleasure before attempting to answer.

"I want you to fuck me."

"With what? My fingers?"

"God, Mike. I want you to fuck me with your cock. I want you to fuck me hard." And with those words she let go. "Ah- FUCK!"

Her body was shaking in his arms as he continued to move his fingers

inside of her, trying to get her orgasm to last as long as possible. She dug her nails into his back, screaming out his name.

Mike lifted her dress up even higher before sliding into her. She cried out in pleasure, the aftermath of her recent orgasm still taking place as he filled her up. He stayed still for a moment, letting her adjust before he started to move.

"More," El moaned out, gripping his shoulders. At her desperate tone, he began to plunge even deeper into her, driving her up the door as she yelped out in pleasure.

"God, you're so tight," Mike said hungrily as he pounded up against her.

"It's because you're so *big*," she said, sobbing out in ecstasy. "Fuck me harder, Mike."

He grunted before going even faster than before. He gripped her thighs, no doubt leaving bruises as he slammed into her with so much force he thought he would break her.

"I- I'm gonna cum, Mike," she stuttered out before her face scrunched up again. He delivered a few more hard thrusts before she began to see stars. She screamed out his name so loud Mike was sure she woke the whole neighborhood.

The sight of her coming undone and the sound of his names was all it took for Mike to burst inside of her, all of his thoughts turning into her name as he screamed almost as loud as her, still pounding into her as he came.

They were both panting heavily by the time they had finished and their bodies were covered in a thin sheet of sweat.

Mike slid out of her, but her legs were too weak to walk by herself, so he carried her over to the bed. He lifted her dress over her head and was going to get her some new clothes but she pulled him down next to her, curling into his side. He slung an arm over her waist, but before sleep could overcome both of them, he muttered one final sentence:

"I guess we *can* catch a break, huh?"